was hurt; "Look here, Mr. Mosso or Abrams or whatever your name is, I never spoke to you; he wouldn't take your help, and no one expects you to help a man."
"Don't know about not wanting my help; he is glad enough to be helped by some very queer people," said the little Jew as he walked out of the place, grumbling out zomething about never coming in again. something about never coming in again.

"Hope may be a fool, and he may have
gone to the bad, but I hate to hear a little

cad like that sneering at him," said Kitty and then feeling that she had perhaps made rather a fool of herself she changed the conversation, and in a minute was laugh-ing at some rather pointless story, chaffing another man about some joke there w.: against him, and seeming to be in the wild

"What good fun that woman is; such a "What good fun that woman is; such a lot of 'go' in her." said one of the men who had left the place to another as they walked home together. "I don't like to hear her." said the other, a man whose ideals were somewhat higher, though his habits of life were even more irregular than those of most men on the Diamond Fields. "She is such a good little woman —a deal too good to talk as she does." These men would have been surprised if they had seen the woman they were talking about whom they had left in such high spirits. The place was empty, she leaning

ing about whom they had left in such high spirits. The place was empty, she leaning with her clows on the bar and her shapely hands covering her face, sobbing as if her heart would break. Yes, she thought she was a fool to have cared for him or any other man. He seemed to be going the road which has taken so many a Kimberley man to the prison, yet she couldn't leave him to travel it. Ah! what a fool she was, she thought. She had forgotten to call her boy to shut the place up, though it was late, and she hears a step at the door. At once she wipes her eyes and door. At once she wipes her eyes and looks herself again. The late customer is looks herself again. The late customer is a man about five-and-twenty. Once he must have been very good-looking, find even now his face has some of its old grace about it. Now, however, it tells a very ugly story plainly enough. It is haggard and worn with drink and dissipation and he has a reckless, defiant expression, as if he refused to show a shame he felt. Even for the Diamond Fields his dress is rather careless. Staggering up to the bar he asks Kitty how she is and calls for a drink. There is rather a sharper tone than usual in her voice as she tells him that it is too late and that she is going to close. "You had better go back to the Corner Bar."

in her voice as she tells him that it is too late and that she is going to close. "You had better go back to the 'Corner Bar,' that is more in your line than this place, isn't it' she adds.
"All right," he says, "I will clear out. I suppose I am not good enough for this shanty. So good night."
"Stop," she said, changing her mind as he turned to go away: "you seedn't be in

What are you doing—where are you staying now!"

"Staying! O, anywhere I slept on the Veldt last night; I am going to sleep at old Sloeman's place to-night. He is a good sort, is old Sloeman—don't turn his back on a man because he is down on his luck. I am going to work with him."

Mr. Sloeman was the owner of some claims in one of the mines which nobody else had ever made pay, but in which, without doing much work, he managed to find a great many diamonds. He also was the proprietor of a canteen of more than shady reputation, and had an interest in one or two Kafir stores. Some people were unkind enough to suggest that his diamonds were bought at the canteen and stores from Kafirs who had stolen them from their masters. He had been from time to time wery charitable in finding work for young men who were out of employment. A good many of these young men had afterward attracted the attention of the detective police and found their way to the prison.

"Stop, Jack, you are not going up there to night. One of my rooms is empty, you can have that. I wouldn't go up there to-night. One of my rooms is empty, you can have that. I wouldn't go up there to-night. We had been the was expected.

Jack, you're not so bad that you k sense. You know what old Sloe-

far more likely than not to return to his old ways. But Kitty, for all that, had a hard struggle with herself not to take him as he was, instead of waiting and perhaps losing him altogether. "No she would not marry him there; it wouldn't be fair to him," she said, "she would wait till he was the man he was before he ever took to drink, and then if he cared to marry her she would."

Then she talked over a plan she had for him. She had Jught some claims in the world."

Then she talked over a plan she had for him. She had Jught some claims in the was sure the ground would turn out well, and they would make lots of money. That is how Jack Hope, who had utterly gone to the bal in the opinion of most men who who knew him, got a start again. Of course their claims ought to have found a big diamond, which would have made their fortune all at once. But Kitty's belief in at the claims proved to be rather unfounded; some weeks they paid expenses, some they did not. Jack Hope ought at once to have become a reformed character, but he did not. More than once work was at a standstill in their claims for days, and he had to come to Kitty, shame-faced and haggard, with a sad story of transgression to tell. But she persuaded him to try again, and did her best to keep him straight, and at last he became stronger and better. Men began to take some prids in himself, and at the end of twelve months he was a better man than he had been for years.

At that time there was an outbreak of Kafirs and Griquas on the border of the province, and troops were raised on the Diamond Fields. There was plenty of military enthusiasm. Times were bad, and the Diamond Fields answered to the call for men to serve their country at 5s. a day. Store-keepers who could supply uniforms and transport riders who had wagons and oxen came forward to help their country in its hour of need at a considerable profit to themselves. For Hope the chance was just what he longed for. Kitty did not try to prevent him from going out, for she thought it was the beough it on

some opportunities of showing that soldiering was a trade he was fit for. Promotion, such as it is, comes quickly in a colonial corps, and when he came back he had a commission. He came back a new man, proud of and confident in himself. For years his life had been all down the hill, and until Kitty had stretched out her kind little hand to beip him every one had been content to speculate as to how long it would take him to get to the bottom. Farhaps he would have hardly cared to think how much ahe had done for him. She was so fond of him and proud of him; it was only natural, he thought, but still it was gratifying. He was very pleased to see her again, and her bright little face and cheery manner were very charming to him. He, of course, way conscious that he was going to marry beneath him; still he got on with her better than he did with the few ladies he had ever met; for though he was not a gentleman of excellent family he was not a very refined person. They were to have been married in a few weeks when the Zulu war broke out, and Jack was offered a com-

The News-Herald.

Western a very service and the service of the se

as something that was past and gone which could never return to him; but now she understood that was all different She could remember something in his manner when she last saw him which she did not quite understand then; now she knew what it meant—he knew he was making a fool of himself. Now, when he had distinguished himself he would feel this all the more. She alone was keeping him from the life he was born for. Now, when he knew what he was giving up, what would he do! Would he come back to her out of pity or duty or a sense of honor, or would he desert her! No, he never should do that; she would never give him the chance. If he married her how often he would repent it; how often he would think of what he had given up for her. "Yes." she thought to herself as she walked back to her house with all the gayety and happiness taken out her life, "she saw her way, though where it would lead her she did not know." Some wooks after Ulundi had been fought and the war was over, Jack Hope was sitting in an arm-chair at the Crown Hotel at Maritsburg reading a letter from England. It was from his uncle, Gazeral Hope, and was to the point, as the old gentleman's letters usually were. He had heard of Jack's gallant conduct and was very pleased. He was content to let bygones be by-gones and receive him again. He was to come back and live at the Hall, and he would have the place eventually. The General went on to say that he had met some one who knew of Jack at Kimberley, and had heard an absurd story of his intending to make a disgraceful marriage with a barmaid. If he intended to do that he need not answer the letter, otherwise he had better come home as soon as the war was over. Jack read the letter over and over again with a troubled expression on his face. He did not like to give Kitty up. He was bound not to. He remembered, and it was not a very pleasant memory, all she had done for him and what he probably would have been if she had not again and again helped him up after he had slipped down. Then, what a jolly little

fellow; he would do what he liked. He would not give Kitty up and he would tell the General so. He would sit down and write at once.

As he sat down to write he began to see the other side of the question. How much he was giving up—a fine old place, as good a position as a man could want, and instead of that he was to end his days in South Africa or in some other colony. His V. C. would not be much good to him unless he stuck to colonial soldiering, which was a poor life. No, he would put off writing the letter. Then he remembered that he had not heard from Kitty for some time. She used to send him every week a funny, ill-spelled letter, in which the news of the camp was told very humorously. He would walk to the post-office. On his way he met several men he knew who were just going home. How he would like to go, too; it was theleas trying not to regret. There was a letter from Kitty. It was dated from Cape Town. At first he hardly understood it as he read it:

Daan Jack:

It is all a metake there being any thing between you and me. We don't suit. Your people would have nothing to do with me, and you had better go home to them, now that every one must be proud of you. You would break down as a returned prodigal if you had to a shawer the letter, for I am sick of the country, and before you get this shall have cleared.

Jack read the letter again and again; it would be difficult to describe what his feelings were. He felt half mortified to think that she could have persuaded herself to give him up. Then he saw that she was acting for his good, and for a minute or two he had determined to find out where she was and to follow her. But it would be no good. After all, the strongest feeling he experienced was one of relief. He had got out of it. He had time to answer his uncle's letter, and he ought to answer his uncle's letter, and he ought to answer it by the next mail, and he would. He

that a certain newspaper article is scandalous, you can make up your mind that he has read every word of that article .- Troy Times.

He seemed awkward in motion, with

no style to head and neck, bearing

heavy in the check. I could not ac-

rant better style. At last as an experi-ment I threw the check aside, and oc-

casionally giving a short jerk with the

reins, speaking sharply at the same time, he would elevate his head, and

soon became a very handsome and easy

appearer. Some horses naturally stylish may become carcless and need a

sharp word or spat with the line, when

demeanor may be secured without

It is gratifying to pride to drive a horse wishout check when he carries an

elevated head with a slight curve, ac-companied by an elastic step. Such a horse will attract attention always.

But this result can not be obtained at cruel cost of physical impairment. To

sum up: What is gained by checking? Nothing. On the other hand, stumbling, interfering, tossing of head, drooling,

an ungainly appearance in general, with serious injury to spinal column,

kidneys, brain, eyes, also greater tax upon the constitution. To this add untold torture. Let me say to our many

friends: Is it a style you admire? Then have it, but buy it, or breed it, as you

An Old Miser's Funeral.

Mrs. Hannah Butler, for a long time pensioner on the bounty of a charita-

ble organization in Baltimore, died the

other day, and a plain pine coffin was

procured and she was about to be

buried by the organization that had

buried by the organization that had supported her while she lived. Meantime her landlady had been hunting among Hannah's possessions, and not in vain. In the straw of her bed was a wallet containing \$80 in gold and a bank book showing entries amounting to \$1,785. Some of the money had been drawn out, but there is a goodly sum still on deposit in the Savings Bank of Baltimore. The landlady stopped the funeral, and had the body

stopped the funeral, and had the body taken out of the pine coffin and placed in an ice casket. The old dress in

which the woman was laid out was taken off and she was clothed in an elegant shroud. A handsome casket was ordered, and the funeral took

place with mere pomp than was at first intended.

With proper control of the

check, or not at all.

will soon learn promptitude.

Beecher says: "I hold that a man should be a round and perfect man." Herein Henry Ward differs from the generality of people. Most folks like a man who is square.—Lowell Citizen. -An opera house in an Ohio town fell down the other night after a min-strel company had shown there. This incident teaches that antique minstrel

jokes may be more dangerous than dynamite.—Boston Post. -"I see they are trying to put a sto to all betting in New York." "I'm glad of it. Betting is a pernicious practice: I hope they will stop it." "But they can't do it." "Can't do it! I'll bet you fifty dollars they can.

Chicago News. -Contributor-"Here is a script I wish to submit-" (waving his hand)-"I am sorry. are all full just now." Contributor-"Very well; I will call again when of you are sober."-Bo some

Courier. -A Kentucky woman has nearly re formed her husband by persuading him to use bottles of whisky as weights for the clock. The oftener he drinks the slower the clock goes, and the longer he has to wait for his meals."—Chicago

can not in this respect very materially change nature. If you do, you have only lost in style. Though it may be without effect, let me add: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."—N. Y. —A dog in Harrisburg was run over and killed by the steam calliope in a circus parade. The music evolved by the diabolical instrument would have killed the dog anyhow, but its death would have been more lingering.— Norristown Herald.

-A millionaire, who was looking at level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him: "I do admire a rich green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.

—Only a question of time: "Doctor, how is Banker Jones? I heard that he was very sick." "He has joined the innumerable caravan," said the physician, solemnly. "What! You don't mean to say that Jones has skipped to Canada? Well! well!"—N. Y. Bun.

-A lady brought home that unique blossom, a lady's slipper, from a wood-land ramble, not long ago. Young Tommie failed to show as much admira-tion for it as the rest of the family, and even affected some scorn. He said he didn't see any sense in giving that name to the flower, because a real lady's slipper "doesn't look a bit like that, and, beside, has one side flat and hard."—Springfield Homestead.

—Harper's Bazar tells of a man at Phelps, N. Y., who, in answer to the question, "How many inhabitants are there in your town?" replied: "There sin't been no caucus taken since '80, an' so I don't know for certain." The same venerable and veritable Mr. Malaprop expresses the opinion that "if a man only has his lassitude and longevity all right, as the sallors say, he know whereabouts he is."

hard."—Springfield Homestead.

—Gray—"And you claim that Black is a total abstainer." Green—"Cortainly he is." Gray—"Come, now, doesn't he keep a drop in the house on the silp!" Green—"No, sir, not a drop. He couldn't do it without my knowledge." Gray—"Why not?" Green—"Because my hired man is courting his hired girl, and neither of our families can keep the smallest secret from the other."—Albany Journal.

TEMPERANCE.

BAR-KEEPER WANTED.

An Advertisement Copied from a Lat New York Paper.

"Wanted—A first-class bur-keeper. M
be a gentleman, and a man of character a
reputation."
"Wanted!" behind his beA man of uncommon parts,
Whose business shall be, as far as I see,
The breaking of human hearts;
To brew, to mix and to sell,
And never to finch or shirk
In a business that leads directly to hell!
"Wanted! a gentleman clerk!"

Wanted, to break the hearts
Of children, mothers and wives,
A man of aucommon parts.
To ruin uncommon lives;
Burder and arson to sell,
And smile in his cruel work,
To help on the devil, and people hell,
"Wanted! a gentleman clerk!"

Wanted, behind his bar!
All virtues in equal parts,
And all to agree, as far as I see,
In the ruin of human hearts!
To the tube or the gray-beard to sell,
And never to flinch or shirk,
In a business that leads directly to hell,
"Wanted! a GENTLEMAN CLERK!"
—Mary A. Denison, in Union signal.

SCIENCE AND EXPERIENCE. They Both Teach That Alcohol Is Not s Generator, But Is an Exhauster of Physical Porce.

The advocates of the use of alcoholic beverages ciaim that alcohol is a force generator in the human system; that it adds something to physical power; that the laborer can work longer and harder when under a moderate influence of an alcoholic drink than when under the influence of any other beverage; that alcohol confers an immense power to undergo physical hardship of every description; that to the soldier, sailor, the traveler, the daily worker in mines, in shops, on the farm, to the athlete, the mountain-climber, the common laborer in any department of life-al-cohol taken in moderate quantities is indispensable for the best, the severest

and the most enduring work.

Many of the advocates of the alcoholic regime are doubtless honest in their convictions and believe that their ideas are founded on the teachings of science; others are controlled in their belief by selfishness; others still, I fear.

belief by selfishness; others still, I fear, entertain their belief as a more pretension, their environment being stronger than their honesty of purpose.

The scientific investigations of the past few years have been rapidly undermining the alcoholic ideas of former times. The collated facts of history have also been confirming the results of science.

The more thoroughly the chemist studies the nature of alcohol, and the more carefully the physiologist looks into the utilities of the human system the stronger will be the general belief in the uselessness of alcohol as a generator of force.
Physical endurance depends upon

the strength of the various tissues.

Whatever will contribute to the growth and development of the different parts of the system will give force and endurance to the system as a whole. If alcohol contains the ingredients of muscular tissues, and these ingradients can be converted into mus-cle by chemical action in the body, then alcohol will be useful in adding physieal force to human beings, and man will bless himself by using it as his cus-

tomary beverage.

The same statement may be truthfully made in reference to the nervous tissue, the osseous tissue as any other tissue. The chemist and physiologist have shown that alcohol contains no ingredients that are assimilated to the bodily tissues, and hence we are forced to the conclusion that it can add nothing to the physical force of man. The belief that alcohol has the utility of food is rapidly passing away under the clear light of scientific investiga-

The doctrine has been stoutly held hol can not add force to the system as a food it can do so by its power as a

It is granted that for a brief period alcohol in very moderate quantities may call out latent forces and enable a man for the moment to put forth unusual strength. Force can thus be called out and made available for one grand exertion. But calling out force which already exists is not the same thing as giving new force. It is the office of a stimulant not to produce power but to call it into use. Alcohol as a stimulant is not a renewer of force but an exhauster of force. In this way it does not strengthen but weakens. As the spur acts upon the horse in forcing him to expend strength already acquired, so acts alcohol on the human being when used in small quan-

This is the declaration of science in This is the declaration of science in relation to the supposed force-propagating quality of alcohol. It is a declaration so sound and so profound that no sophistry of alcoholic advocates can render it void.

render it void.

It is not pretended that there are no difficulties in this subject, but it is thoroughly believed on good scientific authority that the advocates mentioned have woefully failed to prove the doctrines they have maintained, and that the best of the argument is on the side of those who believe that alcohol as a of those who believe that alcohol as a force-generator has no utility in the hu-

man system. Let us now turn to experience and observe the recital of history upon the relation of alcohol to physical endur-

ance. Benjamin Franklin, when a printer in England, drank only water, and worked harder and carried heavier loads than his beer-drinking comrades. His testimony is: "They wondered that the water American, as they called me, was stronger than them-selves who drank beer."

The Western Temperance Herald, an English journal, relates that at one time the Great Western Railroad Company of England, laid two hundred and thirty miles of track with two and thirty miles of track with two
thousand workmen without a single
accident, not a single drop of alcoholic liquors being used, and the work
day being from four o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock at night for
four weeks.

The athlete, whether in rowing or
racing or wrestling, or any other form
of athletic exercise, has learned that
the sure a path to success is in totally

of athletic exercise, has learned that
the sure a path to success is in totally
abstained from all alcoholic beverages. Strong drink has been the cause
of defeat for many an athlete.

A work on "Athletic Training and
Health," by a distinguished athletic
trainer, declares "that alcoholic
drinks are inadmissible into a training
distance." Weaton, the noted pedes

dietary." Weston, the noted pedestrian, has illustrated by his extraordinary endurance the beneficient effects of total abstinence in his walking contests, both in England and America.

America.

Extensive travelers and explorers, as Brace in Abyssinia, Livingstone in Africa, Waterton in South America. Smollet in France and Italy, have left on record explicit declarations.

cerning the injurious effects of the in

ship of travel.

War is a field which gains a large opportunity for the display of physical endurance. The physical hardships of war are proverbial. If any class of human beings are called upon to suffer more and work harder than any other. It is the soldiers. Whisky, rum and all sorts of liquors, refined and unrefined, have been tested as strengtheners and promoters of the soldier's power of endurance. We have positive testimony concerning their ill effects under all conditions of the soldier's life. General Lewis Cass, when Secretary of War, allowed the soldier's life. General Lewis Cass, when Secretary of War, allowed the soldier's for coffee and sugar, so sure was he of the deleterious influence of strong drink upon the soldier's health. Lord Cornwallis, in the revolutionary war, marched his army two thousand miles in Virginia under the flost trying hardship without injury and also without any alcoholic rations.

The well-known Red river expedition, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, anpears ample testimony of a character similar to that already adduced. This expedition started from Toronto in Canada in 1870. It consisted of twelve hundred soldiers and had for its object the quelling of a rebellion in the Red River settlement. It occupied five months. On an average of lifteen hours a day the soldiers were exposed to extreme hardship and privations—carrying heavy loads, often dragging their boats on land around cataracts, nearly always wet with rain or drenched with the water of the river, with no ship of travel. War is a field which gains a large

their boats on land around cataracts, nearly always wet with rain or drenched with the water of the river, with no food but salt pork and biscuit. The health of the men was remarkable and their behavior excellent. Their strongest drink was tea. The testimony of the commanding officer is as follows: "The absence of any spirituous liquors, as part of the daily issue, is marked by the excellent health and spirits of the men, and, I may add, by the remarkable absence of crime."

What further testimony do we need on the utter futility of the force-gen-erating pretension of alcohol? Science erating pretension of alcohol? Science and experience speak the same language on this important subject. Good food is the all-important factor in the production of the physical strength and in sustaining the power of physical endurance. He who wishes bodily weakness and exhaustion, premature decay of physical tissues and functions, sickness and death as the result of hardships exposures and nivestions will be ships, exposures and privations will be sure to find them in the cup of alcoholic poison. —J. W. Grosvenor, M. D., in XVIth Amendment.

A REFORMED ACTOR.

Finding His Memory Failing He Threw Brandy to the Dogs. Sheridan, the actor, paid us a brief

visit. He came quietly and as quietly slipped back to Australia. Sheridan's habits have undergone a complete change. It is a matter of public knowledge that few men who trod the boards were such abnormal tipplers as that talented tragedian. But he looks upon the wine no more. He is a model of sobriety, and his appearance is infinitely improved by the fortunate change. Few know how the reformation cause about. I had it from his own lips. "One afternoon," said the actor, "I was on the stage at rehearsal. The play was 'King Lear,' the lines of of which I am as familiar with as you are with the Lord's Prayer. I came on, but judge of my dismay and astonish-ment when I found that I could not ment when I found that I could not remember a single phrase or speech in the part. I sent the call-boy after a bottle of brandy, took a couple of drinks and tried it again. The result was the same. My memory was blank. Then I slipped back to my dressing-room, took down a book of familiar recitations, and tried one which I had known for years and declaimed, I might say without exaggeration, not less than a hundred imes. Not a line of it could I remember. I tried more brandy, and my memory continued a blank. I was termemory continued a blank. I was terribly shocked. It seemed to me that I was forever ruined, and that my profession had slipped out of my grasp, that this was the beginning of imbecility, and that I should wind up in the lunatic asylum. I rushed from the theater, jumped into a hack, and directed the driver to take me to the office of a doctor in whom I had the utfice of a doctor in whom I had the utmost confidence, and who had often braced me up when enervated from the effects of a prolonged spree. The fact that I could remember the number of his room filled use with inexpresssome shred of intellect left and that all was not lost. He told me not to be alarmed; that my brain was not seriously affected, and promised that I should be all right within a month. But only on one condition, and that was absolute and rigid abstinence. I followed his advice, though it was a hard pull at the beginning, and you see me now better than I have been for many a day."

And he looked it. The crimson nose, his striking feature, was toned down so that little of the old flash remained. His eyes were clear and bright, and he seemed in every respect a new man.—

San Francisco Letter.

The Cursed Traffic.

The liquor traffic is the prolific ource of a large proportion of the misery that now exists in the world, and also the instigator and inciting cause of nearly all the crimes that are committed. We might charge these committed. We might charge these crimes to individuals and their perverted appetites, but we always find that allurement is a much stronger incentive to intoxication than deliberation, therefore, we go to the fountainhead and charge this crime and misery to the rum-seller, this debasing and curse of curses, this foul and terrible incubus that weighs so heavily on the fairest and best homes of our country, that destroys our business, pauperizes the people, and sends thousands of the best men of our country to untimely graves, and leaves behind a wall of anguish from broken hearts and helpless orphans.—Demorest's Monthly.

PHILADELPHIA has 648 churches, or one for every 270 voters; 245 public schools, or one for every 714; 1,096 bakeries, or one for every 160; 3,454 re-tall groceries, or one for every 51; and 5,959 liquor-saloons, or one for every 29 voters.

The Church of England Temperance Society reports 785,000 members. The total abstinence section of the society gained 77,000 members the past year. It has 90,000 members in Ireland

STRIKERS who discuss their griev-ances in saloons are right in the midst of their obief difficulty.—Chicago In-